Touch but my lips with thoſe faire lips of thine,
Though mine be not ſo faire,yet are they red,
The kiſſe ſhalbe thine owne as well as mine,
What ſeeſt thou in the ground ? hold vp thy head,
Looke in mine eye-bals, there thy beauty lyes,
Then why not lips on lips, ſince eyes in eyes ?

Art thou aſham'd to kiſſe ? then winke againe,
And I will winke,ſo ſhall the day ſeeme night.
Loue keeps his reuels where there be but twaine:
Be bold to play, our ſport is not in ſight,
Theſe blew-veind violets whereon we leane,
Neuer can blab, nor know not what we meane.

The tender ſpring,vpon thy tempting lip,
Shewes thee vnripe,yet maiſt thou well be taſted,
Make vſe of time,let not aduantage ſlip,
Beautie within it ſelfe ſhould not be waſted:
Faire flowers that are not gathred in their prime,
Rot, and conſume themſelues in little time.

Were I hard-fauourd,foule,or wrinckled old,
Ill-nurtur'd,crooked,churliſh,harſh in voice,
Ore-worne,deſpiſed,reumatique, and cold,
Thick-ſighted,barren,leane, and lacking iuyce;
Thé mightſt thou pauſe,for thé I were not for thee,
But hauing no defects, why doeſt abhor me ?

Thou

Thou canſt not ſee one wrinckle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey and bright,& quick in turning:
My beautie as the ſpring doth yearely grow,
My fleſh is ſoft,and plumpe,my marrow burning,
My ſmooth moiſt hand,were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palme diſſolue,or ſeeme to melt.

Bid me diſcourſe, I will inchaunt thine eare,
Or like a Fairie, trip vpon the greene,
Or like a Nimph,with long diſheueled heare
Daunce on the ſands, and yet no footing ſeene.
Loue is a ſpirit all compact of fire,
Not groſſe to ſinke, but light, and will aſpire.

Witneſſe this primroſe banke whereon I lie,
Theſe forceles flouers like ſturdy trees ſupport me:
Two ſtrēgthles doues will draw me through the sky
From morne til night,euen where I liſt to ſport me.
Is loue ſo light ſweet boy, and may it be,
That thou ſhouldſt thinke it heauie vnto thee?

Is thine owne heart to thine owne face affected?
Can thy right hand ceaze loue vpon thy left?
Then woo thy ſelfe, be of thy ſelfe reiected:
Steale thine owne freedome,& complaine of theft.
Narciſſus ſo himſelfe himſelfe forſooke,
And died to kiſſe his ſhadow in the brooke.